HALEY OVER.

Out from the city's din,
My feet to-day
In the old, old way,
Followed the path they wandered in
Long years before my hair grew gray.
Down to the Pembroke hills
Where tangled lines
Of the berry-vines,
And grape and ivy the old spot fills.
And under the schoolhouse wall
I sat and heard them call—
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And then on the other side
The childish voices cried,
"Under!"

Listening to them so,
My thoughts to-day
Went far away,
And pictured the scenes of the long ago,
When the same old game I used to play.
And the tears unbidden came.
For faces long forgot
Hovered around the spot.
And sitting beneath the time-stained wall
I heard "Chips" and "Spider" and "Wilter" call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And off on the other side
It seemed my own voice cried,
"Under!"

Oh, to be back again
To that old way
For but a day!
To follow the cow-path through the lane,
For a mock fight under the hills.
With "Have a care!"
And "That's no fair!"
While good-natured shouts the old yard fills.
Oh, to be under the wall
With the ball in my hand and call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And intoned to a minor cry,
The dear old friends reply,
"Under!"

—Maud R. Burton, in Youth's Companion.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Provided, of course, monsieur gets outside," answered Jean-Renaud, smiling. "Has monsieur any commands for me?"

"None," replied Philip as the old soldier withdrew. The deft Anatole, who seemed familiar with the habits of Englishmen, quickly arranged a bath, laid out a uniform from his new master's wardrobe—for his personal baggage had been sent him through the kindness of de Kersaint—and then withdrew. Hastily Philip dressed himself—and yet with unusual care, by the way—and descended to the hall. Finding the door open he entered the garden.

The song had ceased and the two maidens, the dolls lying neglected in their laps, were engaged in earnest conversation.

"And you think," he heard the smaller say, "that he would be my knight?"

"Mademoiselle, he is there!" exclaimed Josette, springing to her feet in much confusion, as she observed Grafton's approach.

The other girl turned her head slightly, saw him advancing, and as if to mark the difference between the mistress and the maid, rose slowly and calmly to her feet. In spite of her dignity her little heart was beating furiously. The dolls fell neglected to the ground. The end of their reign began that morning.

Grafton bowed profoundly before her, and as she returned his salutation with a sweeping courtesy, he looked curiously at her. So this was the Breton rose! She was a small, slender, pale little girl, between 13 and 14 years old, and rather delicate in appearance. Too old to be playing with dolls, certainly. Her head was crowned with a mass of hair black as a raven's wing, which fell down her back in a heavy braid tied with a scarlet ribbon. A pair of rather long arms terminating in long slender hands stretched from her immature sloping shoulders. Below the short skirt of her dress two long thin legs dropped into dainty slippers.

Phillip was something of a connoisseur and he scanned her carefully and swiftly. Her eyes, he thought, were good, and blue he could see in spite of the downcast lids—a strange combination of black hair, pale face, and blue eyes, unusual but striking. Her hands were small, he noticed, and her feet, even then, charming. As for the rest that would come in time. She was a maiden of much promise he decided.

"Mademoiselle," he said respectfully, "have I the pleasure of addressing the Chatelaine of Josselin, the young Countess de Rohan?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered the girl simply, lifting her eyes to his as she spoke.

He started in surprise before their deep violet splendor—the eyes of a woman in the face of a child. Good heavens! They were glorious—decidedly this was promising.

"You are the English milord?" she queried gravely.

"Neither the one nor the other, mademoiselle," he answered, smiling at her frank question. "I was born in America."

"Ah!" cried the girl brightening, "my mother came from there. 'Tis a great land."

"The greatest the sun shines upon, mademoiselle," gravely answered Grafton.

"Except France, monsieur."

"Except France, little lady, since you are here," he returned gaily.

"And monsieur is not a lord?"

"There are no lords in America."

"Not even a knight?"

"Not yet, unless I may be your knight, mademoiselle."

"You hear, Josette?" cried the girl, turning delightedly to the other, "we won't have to play any more that you are a knight. Monsieur says he will be my knight. So few gentlemen come here, monsieur; we see no one," she went on, with a stateliness and ease which quite belied the ragged doll at her feet, the Persian dolls by her side, the short dress, and general air of unformed and undeveloped womanhood about her. "Monsieur le Marquis is here, of course. And Monsieur de Kersaint, who was a friend of my father's comes sometimes, and the masters of the dance, and the masters of the music, and the masters of the art, and all the other tiresome masters, and Jean-Renaud, so that I am glad to find a gentlemen—Monsieur is gentile, of course?"

"I hope so, mademoiselle. I trust mademoiselle may find me so at any rate."

"Monsieur looks so. Is it not so, Josette?" frankly continued the child.

"Oh, indeed, yes, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the embarrassed but acquiescent maid.

"I do not doubt monsieur's breeding, but a maiden, motherless like I, monsieur, must be very careful how she takes a knight without finding out all about him, you see. Monsieur's family is old?"

"Very old, mademoiselle," answered the young man, smiling at the little comedy.

"Monsieur is an American, and America was only discovered—let me see—'tis scarce 300 years since, is it not, Josette?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, certainly," answered Josette, still agreeably concurring, though she knew nothing about it.

"But my family was English long before that time, mademoiselle," answered Grafton, "and Norman before that."

"Oh, you are part French, then?"

"My heart is all French, at least since I have met you, mademoiselle."

"Now, that is nicely said. You are tres gentile indeed, sir, and your family is old—not as old as the de Rohans, though."

"Mademoiselle, is anything so old or so beautiful as the de Rohans?"

"As to the age, monsieur, there is no doubt, but as to the other, there are only grandfather and myself left,

ON THE LITTLE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE SEA.

and I am sure he is not beautiful, though he's very wise, and so good to me that I think him lovely. As for me,' she regarded herself mournfully, looking from her dainty feet at her long bony legs, her flat chest—she even seemed introspectively to be surveying her own countenance in the mirror of her memory. She shrugged her shoulders at last, and Philip interrupted her meditations by saying:

"Mademoiselle, I think you charming."

"But you, monsieur," she responded, "if you are to be my true knight and servitor, must think me beautiful. Knights always do that in the books, you know."

"'Tis an easy task your ladyship lays upon me," he replied gallantly. "If I am set to no more difficult undertaking than that to prove my devotion, I shall be lightly treated."

"Oh, of course I shall find you harder things to do than that. I can not have a knight who will not do great things for me."

"Ah, here comes Jean-Renaud!" he continued. "Well, monsieur sergeant, will you break a lance with me in honor of Mademoiselle de Rohan?"

"Sir?" cried Jean-Renaud in great surprise.

"I maintain that she is the most beautiful lady in Brittany."

"In the world, Sir Philip, you should say, unless there is some beautiful English lady who has your heart."

A shade of anxiety swept over the youthful face at this thought, which was at once dispelled by his perfectly truthful answer:

"There is no English or any other lady except you, beauteous princess."

"How nice that is! I think you are the nicest knight I ever dreamed of."

"Thank you. Now, Jean-Renaud, shall we repair to the tilt-yard?"

"Monsieur mystifies me," answered the old sergeant.

"You agree, then, that mademoiselle is the——"

"Why, monsieur, we are all devoted to mademoiselle," responded Jean-Renaud simply. "Is it a game monsieur plays? If so, we are all her servitors."

"No, no, Jean-Renaud, I will have no knight but Sir Philip!" cried mademoiselle.

"You seem already to have made the acquaintance of my granddaughter, Capt. Grafton," interrupted the marquis, turning the corner of the house at the moment.

"Acquaintance, Monsieur le Marquis? She has done me the honor to constitute me her royal knight, and I am trying to induce Jean-Renaud to break a spear in her behalf."

"Will he not make a proper knight, grandpa, this English gentleman?" asked Anne, fluttering to her grandfather.

"Proper knight indeed, my child," answered the old man, humoring her mood as he fondly kissed her, "and I congratulate you. Meanwhile let us descend from the romantic to the material. Breakfast is served. Monsieur Grafton, will you take your little lady and precede me? C'est bien," he soliloquized, taking a pinch of snuff as he calmly surveyed the young man and the little girl walking ceremoniously toward the door. "A pretty piece of play. I shall take care it stops in sport. The thorn watches the rose. Anne de Rohan mates with no foreigner, much less with an enemy."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE OLD WATCH-TOWER.

GRAFTON did not find the time of his imprisonment hang heavily on his hands. An only child, whose mother, like Anne de Rohan's, had died in his infancy, he had been early sent to sea. He knew but little of family life, therefore, and even less of children. Through his connections and influence he was not without some acquaintance with the high life of the court of England—a somewhat unusual privilege for a young naval officer—and he easily moved in the first circles in America when his duties permitted him a rare visit there. Mingling in this good society he had acquired an ease and manner which, added to his native breeding and instinctive dignity, enabled him to bear himself gracefully wherever he found himself—but he had no experience with young girls of the age of the young countess.

Fortunately his was a sunny, lively disposition, full of laughter and humor, which made it not difficult for him to enter into the spirit of the play in accordance with his new friend's fancies. He had been attracted in some strange way to the little de Rohan from the first moment he had seen her—nay, from that morning hour when he had only heard her in the garden—and the romantic friendship which she had instituted between them, and upon which he had entered to please her and as a pastime for a prisoner, unconsciously assumed a permanent aspect.

He took part in the play with a zest which surprised him, and the more he was thrown in contact with the strange and peculiar mind of the girl the more she interested him. She was a singular mixture of the young and the old, the very childish and the very wise. She stood, as it were, poised half-way between the intellectual level of Josette, her playmate, on the one hand, and of the courtly old marquis, her preceptor and guide, on the other.

She was too old to play at dolls, he thought, too young to play at love. And yet she had done the one and was doing the other, although the "adorable Toto" had been neglected of late for the more adorable Philip. Shrewdness, wit, and common sense mingled in equal measure with unbounded credulity and the most romantic imagination. And her impetuosity and abandon were as evident as were her wisdom or her innocence.

Grafton kissed the little brown hand so often that he rather grew to like it. Every day brought him a different love-token of some sort and a new and imaginary task to be achieved. But Mademoiselle Anne at last tired of simulation—the most obstinate imagination will weary in the end—and determined to endeavor to impart a touch of realism to the pretty game.

One day, therefore, she took him into one of the rooms of the high tower, the keep or watch-tower, the oldest part of the chateau, which he had never visited before. There she told him a tale of one of the ancient ladies of Rohan who had a lover who came from an alien and antagonistic family, who gained access to her chamber by climbing in some strange way the wall or face of the tower, until he reached the oriel window before them. He was finally caught and killed by the lords of the house on the threshold of the very room in which they were standing, she said, and she wondered if Sir Philip could, or would, have done that thing.

"Let us go to the window and look out, your little ladyship, and we will see," answered the pseudo knight gaily. "I am a sailor. I can climb almost anything that any one else can ascend."

Together and hand in hand the two stepped out on the little balcony overlooking the sea. Just outside the oriel window, the wall of the castle, following the coast line, turned sharply, making a narrow re-entrant angle where it joined the round tower. The tower and the wall were built of rough stone and their surfaces were much broken by jutting projections. The wall and tower sloped slightly inward from the base to the top.

Philip gravely surveyed the stone surface of the weather-beaten tower sweeping below the little platform on which he stood, and made up his mind that a daring climber taking advantage of the irregularities and projections in the stone, and favored by the slope and the angle, might, if he had a cool head, gain the balcony, provided no one opposed his ascent. Indeed, since the Baron de Croisic, the unfortunate lover of the legend had done so, he felt sure that he himself could accomplish the feat—given a sufficient incentive, of course. At the foot of the tower lay the little bay spoken of before, and in the bay a small boat was moored.

He looked again and more carefully, leaning far out over the wall, and with the trained observation of a sailor to whom the minutest indication may be of paramount value, he took careful note of the several projecting stones, the slope of the walls, and rapidly mapped out a series of movements by which the feat could be achieved.

"Yes," he said at last, "it could be done; it would be difficult, dangerous, in fact, but it could be done—given a sufficient incentive."

"Am I a sufficient—what is it you say? I know not that word, I think."

"You are incentive enough for anything. Shall I try it?" he asked lightly.

The Countess Anne leaned out across the coping of the balcony, and looked down. It was indeed a giddy height. Her brain reeled as she gazed. She would like very much to put Sir Philip to the test, but in the end she decided not. He might be killed, and that would be a bitter end to their little play. She recalled that Monsieur de Croisic had been thrown down there after he had been caught in the tower. The height was appalling. She was too fond of Sir Philip. So she temporized. She was woman enough for that, he thought. Indeed, he realized that she had developed marvelously in the month he had been with her. She seemed years away from dolls now. He wondered why.

"Not to-day, Sir Philip; some other time, perhaps, but not now," she answered him at last.

"As you will, Mistress Anne," he replied indifferently, and then as a thought struck him he questioned her: "Why is this place not guarded, or the wall smoothed, so that no one could climb up again?"

"I suppose it was guarded once. As for the wall, the story I read said that the lords of the tower left it just as it was, for they thought that the lesson they had given poor de Croisic would keep everybody away. Would it keep you away?"

"Not if you were here waiting for me, Lady Anne. But why is it not guarded now?" he persisted.

"I can not tell. Nobody knows this story except myself and Josette to whom I told it, I suppose. I read it the other day in some old papers I found in the library room. I doubt if even grandfather remembers it or he would lock up the room. Besides, what need? There is no one who can make use of it now," she answered artlessly.

But it came into Grafton's mind that if it were difficult to climb up to that balcony window, it would be less difficult to climb down from it, and the idea of escaping sprang into his head. Indeed, it had often been with him, but he had seen no way whatever to bring it about until that afternoon, that very moment in the oriel of that tower.

Beyond the rocky edges of the shore, to seaward, the horizon was dark with the sails of ships. It was the huge fleet of Boscawen lingering off the coast in the vain hope that something might draw the French out from Brest at that time and a general engagement might be brought about. If Grafton could gain that window at night, descend the wall, seize the little boat in the cove, he might reach the ships! He stood in abstracted silence gazing seaward until the girl laid her hand lightly upon his arm.

[To Be Continued.]

JAPANESE IN THE MOON.

Scheme of a Resourceful Showman at a Russian Village Fair to Catch the People.

The "pope," or village priest, is generally the only source of information as to what is going on in remote villages. He is very much to the fore at present, says a recent Kazan correspondence in the London Daily News. Father Ignatius Diatchkoff sends to the Kazan newspapers an amusing account of a fair held in his village.

"Our mujiks," he says, "are intensely patriotic, but their ideas of serving their country are somewhat strange.

"When I visited the fair on Wednesday night I saw a great crowd of our peasants standing about an itinerant rifle saloon proprietor, who was holding a telescope to his eye. They were evidently waiting their turn.

"Our village coffinmaker was aiming a gun, which he rested in the fork of a small tree. The gun was pointed toward the sky. Suddenly it went off, and a bell clanged, after which, followed loud cries of 'Ura! Got him again!'

"After several other mujiks had taken shots, I inquired what they were aiming at, and was much surprised to hear in chorus the reply: 'The Japanese, Father.' Looking along the barrel of the gun I could see nothing but the moon, so I demanded a further explanation.

"'Our brother,' said a bearded giant, pointing to the showman, 'says that the man in the moon is a Makak (Japanese), and that every time we hit him ten Japanese on earth join the devil. We have killed,' he added, naively, '80 of them already.'"

An Old Saw Gainsaid.

Once upon a time two men were riding in an automobile, bound for a certain town, which neither of them had ever visited.

"Have we not made a mistake in the road?" asked one of the other.

"I am sure we are right," was the answer.

Soon they came to a hill which the automobile refused to climb.

"What is the matter?" asked the first questioner.

"Our power has given out," answered the other, "and we must stay here until assistance arrives."

Moral—We may be sure that we are right, but not able to go ahead.—N. Y. Herald.

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

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From Cincinnati—10:38 am; 5:38 pm, 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm 8:28 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am, 8:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—3:00 am; 6:20 pm.

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